The COMMONWEAL

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Unhappy Echoes

IN THE past three and a half years a number of facts have become obvious to all open to the truth about the much controverted Spanish Civil War. The first is that it was used as a proving ground by the Germans and Italians for the techniques they have since improved on and utilized in their efforts to subjugate the whole continent of Europe. For example, dive-bombing, mechanized ground warfare and fifth columns. During this first stage of the gigantic conflict in which we are all now engaged Spain and her people were mere pawns, while Catholic opinion the world over, and particularly in the United States, was manipulated to serve as one of the Axis's most potent weapons. For Spain the result is clearly impoverishment, national apathy and the alienation from the Church of vast sectors of the Spanish people. For Europe and the Church . . . This much we know with certainty.

What is the advantage then today, when the United States is so perilously engaged in a world-wide conflict, of reviving the bitter passions which so sharply divided Americans throughout the battle which ended March 26, 1939? Yet there are two imposing current documents which do just that. The first is in that ordinarily rather distinguished quarterly, *Foreign Affairs,* for October. It is an article, "Prelude to World War," by John T. Whitaker.

About the Nationalists it reaches this rhetorical peak: "If I were to sum up their social philosophy, it would be simple to the extreme—they were outnumbered by the masses; and they proposed to thin down the number of the masses. . . . Aguilera would wet his throat with another tumbler of brandy and would proceed, to the approving nods and comments of other leading officers of Franco's army: 'It's our program, you understand, to exterminate a third of the male population of Spain.' . . . I quote Captain Aguilera at some length because his social and political ideas are perfectly typical. I have heard them voiced by scores and hundreds of other Spaniards on the Franco side."

The other document is a book to be published by Bruce on October 3. "Face to the Sun," by A. R. McGratty, S.J., purports to be an historical novel. Father Husslein, the general editor of the Science and Culture Series, of which it forms a part, says it is "a plain, accurate, perfectly honest and reliable picture of what Communism has meant in Spain. From it we can conclude what it would mean in England, the United States and other English-speaking countries if allowed unhindered power." These two versions of the Spanish war, each of a simple case of virtue struggling against evil and each "perfectly" accurate, are strikingly contradictory. One says the Italians and the Germans intervened three months before the Russians; the other that "four months after the French and Russian volunteers entered the country to fight for the government, the Italian and German volunteers found their way into the army of General Franco." The article says there were 140,000 Italian troops in Spain at one time, while the book declares that Italian volunteers were "at no time more than 5 percent of the Nationalist forces." The article tells of 5,318 aerial bombardments by the Italians, while the book complains of the comparative weakness of Franco in the air and never even mentions the Italian air force. And whereas the article stresses the indiscriminate mass murders of prisoners by Franco's men, the book states that "by the middle of March more than 300,000 non-combatants had fallen before the muzzles of anarchist and Red firing squads," while of the 65,000 prisoners taken by Franco at Bilbao and Santander only 112 were executed. The article fails to mention the burning of churches and the slaughter of priests and nuns, apparently including this factor under disorders and atrocities that "came from anarchists and criminals whom the Republican Government let out of the jails and armed when the army was found to be in rebellion." But enough!

All this takes us back four years when you could get a completely black or an absolutely white

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picture of the tragic Spanish struggle every week depending upon whether you read the *Nation* and the *New Republic* or *America* and the Brooklyn *Tablet*. Those unreal days are gone now and we have some facts in our possession. But more important than that, we are faced with the grim reality of all-out war. It is the height of folly to get worked up against each other over such idle and illusory speculations. While people argued, Hitler and Mussolini became the only victors in the Spanish Civil War. They now have a stranglehold on Europe. American partisans of both Loyalists and Nationalists—together with those who at the time suspended judgment—are faced with sterner reality now. Defeat of the Axis requires that we stand shoulder to shoulder.

Crime Publicity

THE DEFENDER of freedom knows that he thereby defends much that he specifically reprobates. He defends utterance of doctrines in which he disbelieves, the exercise of tastes alien or repulsive to his own, the doing of many deeds he would not do. Thus in suggesting that the press should sharply change its practice in reporting the news of abnormal crimes, we are not doing so because our own stomachs are queasy and our own morals offended. Both things are true, but neither is relevant. To us it is clear that the unrestricted picturing of pathological sexual deeds is, both indirectly and directly, a social danger. There can be no question of the avidity of the public for these details; the same curiosity which the formers of youth know to be a gigantic force, is re-aroused in a less healthy and natural way in innumerable adults by any hint of unnatural sexuality—the more violent, the more compelling. This exercises admittedly a great and tempting pressure upon those who produce newspapers to sell them. But we believe it is the plain duty of the more responsible element of the press—which now, generally speaking, gives the reader item for item with the yellow press and occasionally even picture for picture—to initiate a reform and set a standard by which all papers will be judged. There probably is a case for the full reporting of a crime, however violent, that anyone might commit. There is no case for anything but a brief generalized summary, purposely colorless, of such a happening as the recent Connecticut horror, about which reputable citizens, buying fresh editions, boasted with glistening eyes that it made them sick. There is danger, none the less real for being indirect, in lowering the threshhold of public taste and tolerance below a certain level. The social health that we solidly take for granted is by no means unassailable; like anything else, it may be weakened even to the point of collapse. There is, besides, the direct danger to the young, who also read newspapers, and to the weak and perverted, who cannot react with full health against the suggestions in these stories. It may well be that the history of another horror is at this moment in the making in some sick or frustrate mind fed to dreadful satisfaction by the recent news despatches from Connecticut.

More Abundant Rural Life

ELSEWHERE in this issue T. Swann Harding describes the interest of the Farm Security Administration in seeing to it that farm families are soundly established economically throughout the land. The program of this highly constructive government agency in large part could serve as a physical framework for the ideals that motivate the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, which is meeting at Peoria, Ill., from October 3-6. The family farm of thirty to forty acres, supplying first its own food and feed and then certain cash crops on its diversified acreage, is presented as the best means of providing the most wholesome environment for Christian family life.

It happens that an intelligent Catholic back-to-the-land movement as described in *Land and Home* of Des Moines, Iowa, coincides with a vital national necessity. We have not solved the unemployment problem. Even today with mobilization and boom employment men are wasting away in our American cities in listless idleness. For long periods migratory farm laborers and their families are unable to secure the necessities of life. There is need of a new farm program which would include part-time farming, near places of industrial employment, and family self-subsistence farms with some cash crops. In such a program buying and marketing cooperatives would hold a key position. The time is now at hand for making provision for a large resettlement program, for demobilization will present the greatest need and the greatest opportunity for instituting sound change that we shall have. The Dominion of Canada by an act of July 20, 1942 has already provided that Canadian war veterans may secure "combined grants and loans to ensure their successful settlement on fertile farm land." It is reported that many now in the active forces there have already recorded their desire to settle on the land and their need of assistance for the purpose. Is it not high time that leaders in Washington look into a similar program for the U. S.?

IT IS with deep regret that THE COMMONWEAL notes the passing of Ralph Adams Cram in Boston on September 22, at the age of seventy-eight. Mr. Cram was one of the founders of the magazine and continued his interest in THE COMMONWEAL down to the present day. We plan in a forthcoming issue to advert in some detail to his imposing career as an architect.

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Tired Soldier

HE CAME to see us in the office and he looked as if he had been out on a party every night for a week. But then there is this. Like the actors in the classical Greek theater, a man goes about supplied with but a limited set of masks. A man has a mask for laughter but unless he speaks the lines one cannot be sure that it is not the mask for pain; he has a mask for horror and for the extremities of grief but unless he points at the corpse one cannot be sure that it is not the mask for something very different; he wears the mask for fatigue but one cannot know what tension has caused the fatigue nor whether it comes from pleasure or from privation, from hunger or surfeit.

The soldier came into the office and sat on a desk. His hand trembled as he held a match; his eyes were strained and bloodshot; there were deep pouches under his eyes; the skin of his face was drawn and blotched. He was a soldier on the New York front and everybody remembers the Paris front in the last war but it was not like that the soldier said. It was this way he said. For the past month he had been working from six in the morning until ten, or eleven or twelve at night. In the last forty-eight hours he had had three hours' sleep. He had been unloading canned food, guarding prisoners, doing sentry duty. He was a tired soldier all right.

Somehow it makes a great difference the fact that this soldier was tired because he had been doing army work and not tired because he had been undergoing army training. Somehow in the office we knew suddenly and certainly that we were talking to a man who was in the war and not to a man who was going to be in the war. We had been saying goodbye to a lot of people and suddenly we knew that to this tired soldier we could not say goodbye because, already, he had gone. We had seen a lot of men trying to get into the army, trying to get a commission, trying to get to officers' school, trying to get a job, and we had seen men trying to keep out of the army. There was still, it seemed to us, a considerable element of choice. There was the draft, of course. But then you could go in ahead of the draft, or you could try to figure out what would happen to you when you were drafted: you did not know—what all men knew when war came to a country with a long established system of military service—the exact nature of the duties you would have to perform when your country mobilized for war. You did not know in America, as every man knew abroad, that one army faced another army and that mobilization sent each man to his place in these armies because they stood facing each other at the frontier and there could be no time to lose. In America there was still a certain element of choice because there was a margin of time and of space. So that, in America, we were mobilizing men and they would be in the war but they were not yet in the war—they were training for the war. The navy was in the war, the marines were in the war, airmen were in the war, but generally the men to whom we said goodbye were not going directly into the war, they were going into training. One did not know whether they would be officers or privates, or to which branch of the service they would be sent, or with what rapidity exposed to danger. There was a respite granted.

The men who were in the war were very far away. We could not see them. From time to time we would be told what they were doing but there were gaps in the story. We knew nothing about the places where they fought; we had no way to measure the success they obtained, the suffering they endured. They were our people but they had gone off and disappeared into a war where we could not follow them. Elmer Davis said we were "ankle-deep" in the war. That was true. It could not be otherwise. Only the newspapers, only the publicity men, only the radio patriots were overemphatic in a country like ours. The people react to what they know and to what they see. They know about the tanks, the planes, the factories with the sentinels at the gates, the workers with their photograph on a badge: they know about production, our immense production. But when the tanks leave Chrysler's they place them on a train. There is a respite even for our material. The people know that the men of the country are going into camps, learning to drive the tanks, to fly the planes; they know what lies ahead of these men, our men: they read in *Life* about the "outlandish" German claims to have taken over 3,000 prisoners at Dieppe but they also read the official Canadian statement placing casualties at 3,350—their hearts are heavy; they know what lies ahead. But there is still a respite and they go about their work. Reasonably, determinedly, knowing what is to come, preparing for what is to come. The people of a nation like ours are not to be hastened, not to be tampered with. You must not race them around. Quietly they will meet the strain of the war as the strain increases. The people of this nation will enter the war just as the soldiers who are in training will enter the war. The respite now will not last very long.

There was this tired soldier in an office in New York and when you looked at him you saw the mask of fatigue and there was not anything in his fatigue which was distinguishable from the fatigue of the men who are fighting the war all over the world. He was fraternally united to them in his fatigue. The soldier who had been unloading canned food in Brooklyn stood in the office and you looked at him and saw all the tired men of the war, all of them. That is the way some Americans are in the war; entirely. C. G. PAULDING.

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Streamlining Education

Reasons why the course leading to a bachelor's degree should be shortened.

By **Bonaventure Schwinn, O.S.B.**

ON JANUARY 22 of this year the Senate of the University of Chicago voted to discontinue the conferring of the bachelor's degree after the senior year of college and to give it, instead, at the end of the conventional sophomore year. The academic repercussions of this action were terrific. The decision was condemned as radical, undesirable, unnecessary, unfortunate, confusing, subversive, and even as impolite! It was branded as "a devaluation of educational currency," as making "counterfeit" the bachelor's degree, and as "a Pearl Harbor attack" on that degree.

From words the aroused and embattled educators proceeded to action. The new policy of the University of Chicago was repudiated by the National Association of State Universities, the Association of American Colleges, the Association of Colleges and Universities of the Pacific Southwest, the Commission on Institutions of Higher Education of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, the National Conference of Church-Related Colleges and the American Association of University Women.

Old Plan

President Hutchins has explained that the recent action taken by the University of Chicago is simply the next logical step in carrying out the plan drawn up ten years ago when the University and its affiliated laboratory schools were organized on a 6-4-4 pattern, with the understanding that six years should be devoted to the elementary school, four to high school, and four to college. In the reorganization the last two years of the University High School were incorporated into the College, and four hundred courses were dropped from the University's curriculum. The plan takes cognizance of the fact that there is a lag of two years in the American educational system with the result that college students in this country are about two years behind students of the same age in England, France and Germany. Like many others, Mr. Hutchins thinks that the unreasonable prolongation of formal education in the United States is due, in part at least, to the mistake made by Horace Mann, who imported the German *Volkschule* into this country as an elementary school for all. "When Horace Mann went to Germany to find a school to imitate," says Mr. Hutchins, "he imitated the wrong one. He brought back as a foundation school for America a school that was terminal in its native land and that took eight years because it was terminal."

The chorus of condemnation of the Chicago action has been loud and impressive. But, on the other hand, even more impressive is the long list of names of great educators who have favored and fought for the same reform or for some similar change in our educational policy. They are the most eminent names in the history of American education. President Daniel Coit Gilman tried to reduce the four-year curriculum to three years at Johns Hopkins in 1876, and Charles W. Eliot began fighting for a three-year curriculum at Harvard in 1883. He was still trying to bring about this change at the time of his retirement in 1909. Similar attempts to introduce a three-year curriculum have been made at the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University, at Clark and at Cornell, and the attempts at the Sheffield Scientific School and at Clark succeeded for a time.

Efforts to divide the four-year curriculum substantially as the University of Chicago has divided it have been made by President Henry P. Tappan at the University of Michigan, President W. W. Folwell at the University of Minnesota, Doctor Andrew W. White, who had been President of Cornell, and President Charles Kendall Adams, who succeeded him. Immediately upon becoming President of Columbia University in 1902, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler began advocating that the bachelor's degree be conferred at the end of the sophomore year, and Presidents David Starr Jordan and Ray Lyman Wilbur have favored the same plan at Stanford. The reason why these great university presidents did not succeed in carrying out their ideas is that they could not get their faculties to agree with them.

Newman

It is interesting to note that in a little-known book entitled "My Campaign in Ireland," which was printed posthumously for private circulation in 1896, Cardinal Newman outlines a plan of higher education strikingly like the new plan of the University of Chicago. The book contains

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Newman's reports for the years 1854 to 1857 on the Catholic University to the Irish Hierarchy and sheds much light on what he taught in the "Idea of a University," inasmuch as it gives the background of his work in Ireland and shows how he intended to apply and develop practically the principles he laid down in his famous lectures. The following passage from "My Campaign in Ireland" seems to indicate that Newman would have been entirely in sympathy with the University of Chicago plan:

> I conceive the normal age of coming to the University will be 16. For the first two years the student will be engaged in classics, the elements of mathematics and logic, ancient history, etc. At the age of 18, he will pass an examination which will gain him an initial degree. We must, at this age, contemplate losing the majority of our students. Those who are destined for business will nevertheless have gained a certain amount of liberal education, without any unreasonable postponement of the time when they are to enter on the duties of their particular calling.

After the first two years, those who remained in the University would take up specialized studies in the Faculties of Letters or Science or in the professional Faculties of Theology, Law, or Medicine. "The School of Letters," Newman says, "has now lost those who never really belonged to it, and who used it by constraint as the way to other schools. It now addresses none but those who voluntarily attend its classes as an end; and its peculiar studies gain accordingly, and the character of its examination is materially affected."

In "My Campaign in Ireland," Newman also tells how he thought the tutorial system should be organized in a university and how the lectures of professors and the instruction and guidance of tutors should supplement and complete one another. His notions on the tutorial system seem surprisingly modern.

Acceleration

Not only have many of the greatest leaders in American education in the past favored an acceleration of the educational program and the conferring of the bachelor's degree earlier than is now customary, but some of the most prominent Catholic educators in America today are advocating the same reform.

In his presidential report for this year to the trustees of Fordham University, Father Robert I. Gannon, S.J., goes even further than the University of Chicago has gone and suggests a 6-3-3 pattern for education; that is, he would like to see the whole school system reorganized with six years of grammar school, three of high school and three of college. He deplores the fact that under the present system we are compelling youth to spend half their lives in school, and he points out that "if a professional man is to marry before he is 25 and it is to his spiritual advantage and the advantage of society that he should—the bachelor's degree must be a possibility at 18." On the other side of the continent, Father James B. McGoldrick, S.J., Dean of Seattle College, argues for the same arrangement, and he thinks that if the grade schools devoted themselves to teaching the tool subjects, as they should, and got rid of some of the "fads, fancies and fallacies" that now clutter up their classrooms, they could do what is expected of them in six years. He draws attention to the fact that Oxford and Cambridge grant most of their degrees after three years, and he sees no reason why American colleges could not do the same.

As long ago as 1924, at the annual meeting of the National Catholic Educational Association in Milwaukee, Father William F. Cunningham, C.S.C., of the University of Notre Dame, made a strong plea for a shortening of the long period devoted to formal education. And he spoke on the same subject again this year at the meeting of the same Association in Chicago, endorsing the University of Chicago plan and urging Catholic educators to take advantage of the opportunity that is theirs, now that the school system "has been jarred out of its complacency by the shock of war." He advises rebuilding the educational ladder on the 6-4-4 plan, which would give "fourteen years of general education beginning at the age of 6 and finishing at 20 with the awarding of the bachelor's degree."

Mr. Hutchins's answers

No objection has been raised against Chicago's new plan that Mr. Hutchins has not answered well and with good humor. It is maintained, he says,

> that this scheme is radical, hasty and ill-considered. It certainly is not radical when compared with the proposal of the late Professor Barrett Wendell of Harvard University. He urged that the bachelor's degree be conferred upon every American citizen at birth. It is not radical when compared with the suggestion of Father Gannon of Fordham, who seriously and sensibly argues for a 6-3-3 plan of education and the bachelor's degree at 18. We can hardly regard the Chicago action as hasty or ill-considered when we remember that it has been discussed for fifty years. Mr. Harper repeatedly called for "an honorable stopping place" at the end of the sophomore year. Mr. Butler of Columbia, beginning forty years ago, engaged in an ardent campaign for the change. Dr. Wilbur of Stanford and Mr. Coffman of Minnesota conducted similar campaigns on the Pacific Coast and in the Northwest.

One seemingly strong argument against granting the bachelor's degree after the sophomore year is that doing so would change the meaning of the degree. But this objection is based on the false assumption that the bachelor's degree has a definite and constant meaning. As a matter of fact, from the time the degree was first granted by the University of Paris in the thirteenth century, in different periods and in different countries, it has had a variety of meanings and has repre-

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sented a wide divergence of academic accomplishments. The Chicago plan gives the degree a definite and quite satisfactory meaning. It makes it stand for the completion of liberal education at the end of a four-year curriculum. When the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools condemned the plan as "cheapening" the degree, Mr. Hutchins wired a challenge for the member institutions to let their graduating seniors take the examinations to be given to Chicago's sophomores for the bachelor's degree.

A widespread misconception prevails that according to the new plan the bachelor's degree would stand for only two years of college education. But if the shortening of the period of formal education takes place at the pre-college level and liberal college education is begun after the second year of high school, as at Chicago, the degree would represent four years of college work.

St. John's

In line with Chicago's new policy, St. John's College at Annapolis has modified its entrance requirements and, beginning this September, is permitting the matriculation of students on the basis of examination after two years of regular high school.

In a recent interview, President Stringfellow Barr, of St. John's, said, "If our colleges were to admit students at 15 or 16, with the *basic disciplines,* instead of demanding 'units' acquired in a dragged-out, diluted program of 11 or 12 years, we would have well-educated men by draft age in war and, in peace, men ready by 20 to take professional training or to step into affairs." And he went on to express the opinion that a great many high schools "do so much harm in the third and fourth years that it would lighten the task of the college to get the student before he is *completely spoiled.*"

Taking up the slack in education, eliminating waste of time and money and preparing students, as Newman says, "without unreasonable postponement of the time when they are to enter on the duties of their particular calling," are measures that would be good for students and for society under any circumstances. In time of war, they are imperative. Under pressure of the national emergency practically all the universities and men's colleges in the country have adopted programs of acceleration for the duration of the war. If the war lasts for several years, it seems quite unlikely that the colleges can remain altogether unaffected by their present experiments in speeding up education. The movement inaugurated by the University of Chicago, therefore, is well-timed. And it is not too much to hope that after the war some such plan of permanent acceleration will find general favor and acceptance.

Right of Assembly

Only the eagle from the High Sierras,
From the Appalachians and the Ozarks,
From the Adirondacks and the Smokies,
Only the eagle flying, flying free.

What, not the dove? The dove who counsels peace?
Not the owl, the wise bird who counsels "Wait"?
Why not all the birds? There are so many,
The gulls of harbor cities, restless
With the surge of tidal waters,
The wren, content at home, the world a nest.
The bobolink, so cheerful, sane and sunny.
The melancholy whippoorwill, who fears the worst
And says so. The warrior bluebird dressed
In West Point uniform. The braggart crow,
The trickster rook, the glutton cormorant,
The kingbird quick to fly at larger birds.
The little sparrow, wanting only seeds.
The turn-coat ptarmigan with feathers
White in winter, brown in summer,
The graying goose, the red-necked grebe, the ostrich
Who will not face the facts. The ruffled grouse,
The stork, the stormy petrel, the rain-bird or the plover,
The loon, the racquet-tail, the nuthatch;
The hummingbird, the spoonbill, the dabchick and the dipper;
The mockingbird with no song of its own, the cuckoo
Who lays its eggs in others' nests;
The pelican with pouches ready for the take,
The kingfisher or laughing jackass;
The penguin who has wings but cannot fly;
The chimney swift, the catbird, and the tattered vulture,
The secretary bird with a pen of feathers on his ear;
The aldermanic robin tending to his business,
The diet of worms.

So many and so many; birds from different sections,
The Carolina rail, the California quail,
And ducks from the savannahs,
Flamingoes from the Everglades and Florida's king sora,
The cardinals from Kentucky, the herons from the bayous,
The Massachusetts oven bird who builds its nest
Conservatively on the ground; the prairie chirken,
The chapparal cock; so many and so many,
But having this in common: all can fly.

They feather but they will not foul the nest.
Each has his call and some a song. Listen! Listen!
To the day birds, to the night birds,
To the larks, the owls, the starlings.
Each has his eggs, his young, his aircraft problems.
Suffer them all to come to the parliament of the fowls,
To the free Congress of free birds.
Not just the eagles.

FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON.

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What the FSA Is and Does

A justification of a much maligned agency.

By **T. Swann Harding**

IT IS not widely known that since 1929, at least, about half our farmers have produced ninety percent of all agricultural commodities that reached the market. The other half produced only ten percent of the farm products marketed, and in many cases proved unable even to feed themselves. Finally, more than half our farmers were really underemployed.

Why were so many farmers so inefficient? Not from choice, certainly. The condition was imposed upon them by poverty. The man who muddles along on a couple of acres with a one-mule plow just can't hope to compete successfully with his neighbor who has the advantages of ample land, working capital, up-to-date equipment, and the most scientific farming methods.

That is where the Farm Security Administration comes in. The FSA began life as the Resettlement Administration, which became an independent unit on April 30, 1935. An Executive Order of December 31, 1936, made it part of the Department of Agriculture. It assumed the name Farm Security Administration on September 1, 1937. Its basic aim is the good old American-democratic one of seeking to equalize opportunity for the unavoidably underprivileged.

For a good many years valuable Federal and State agencies have developed and published a great deal of useful scientific information in the field of agriculture. The knowledge was there for those who could take advantage of it. But powerful forces in modern society had reduced the number of these. Finally we had about two and a half million low-income farmers who produced little or nothing for market. Yet they formed a huge reservoir of underemployed farm labor. For when a farmer's gross cash income is less than a thousand a year, the farm family is in part technologically underemployed.

For instance take a two-mule Delta cotton farm. It will usually produce cotton, corn and a few livestock, requiring only about 2,300 man-hours of labor a year. Yet in the average case about 4,080 man-hours of farm-family labor are available. Except during the two months of cotton picking, the farm family is much less than half employed. The same thing is true of hundreds of thousands of small, low-income farms.

Meanwhile we are embarked upon the most stupendous farm production program in our history. There is no end to the food that the United States, the United Nations and ultimately the world itself will need as a result of this conflict. Already famine stalks many countries. When the war ends starvation will menace all Europe. Can we afford to let any capable farm workers remain underemployed?

More than half the nation's productive agricultural man-power is located on the low-income farms mentioned above. If these people could be put to work efficiently, they could produce in 1943 at least 48 percent of the milk increases required, 58 percent of the pork and lard, 118 percent of the eggs, 10 percent of the soybeans, 18 percent of the peanuts, 25 percent of the sugar beets, 69 percent of the canning tomatoes and 145 percent of the additional gardens.

What must they have in order to do this? They must have credit and working capital. They must have adult education in modern farming practices and expert supervision of their farms and home management. They should have tenure improvement, better medical care and such cooperative facilities as will enable them to produce better livestock, make better use of their resources and market their products efficiently.

Where can they get these things? The Farm Security Administration is the only going concern in the Government set-up that can render them aid in this time of extreme emergency. For some years now it has been carrying on a rural rehabilitation program, supplemented by a valuable but underfinanced farm-tenancy-purchase program. The FSA also administers some 150-200 resettlement projects and homesteads, carries on migratory-labor-camp programs, and administers grants for the relocation of defense and war workers and construction of emergency defense housing.

In addition the FSA makes grants for subsistence relief in emergency areas, as during floods, and such grants form the foundation for later rehabilitation loans which may, in themselves, form the basis for a farm-tenant-purchase loan. The agency carries on certain auxiliary programs in addition. They are concerned with better sanitation and the provision of medical care by a group plan, community crop services, farm-debt adjustments, and water-facilities loans.

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This is rehabilitation work, not relief. The loans made by FSA turn out to be investments.

Nothing is more fundamentally in line with American traditions than this work. The Constitution, the Declaration of Independence and the Founding Fathers all proclaimed the doctrine of equal opportunity for all. In every social and economic set-up some persons are disadvantaged through no fault of their own. It is a prime function of democracy to lend them a helping hand.

Character loans

The FSA extends what are essentially character loans, made without collateral, to worthy but disadvantaged farm people. In the process of getting the loan the recipient agrees to accept expert guidance and to follow approved scientific farm and home practices. The plan thereafter proceeds under FSA supervision. It covers the projected production program as well as prospective income and output. The loan bridges the gap here and enables the farmer to procure such equipment and materials as he needs.

Clients cooperate in making out a list of expenditures allowable under the loan. This may include payment of the poll tax, provided such payment will enable the client to vote—which, of course, it would not if he were a southern Negro. Otherwise acceptance of an FSA loan might result in indirect disenfranchisement.

Unlike AAA payments, the loans are returned to the Government. At least 80 percent of the loans are repaid in full, others in part. The final rehabilitation of an underprivileged farm family costs about $75, including nonpaid loans, as compared with $350-$375 *a year* it would cost to maintain the family on inadequate relief. The family meanwhile increases its home food production and greatly improves its living standard.

These loans make useful productive workers out of people who were hitherto unable even to support themselves. The close expert supervision under which the clients work also offers the most effective means yet devised of putting scientific knowledge to work in the field of agriculture. This FSA money produces higher returns per dollar of public funds expended than any other form of farm aid. Even if only 65 percent, instead of 80-90, of the standard loans was repaid, the FSA method would still be a cheaper method of stimulating increased production than direct subsidy.

A certain few of the rehabilitation clients who succeed are selected to get loans under the Bankhead-Jones Act of 1937 which enable tenants to become farm owners. The amounts available for such loans have so far been small. Only about 30,000 farm families have procured them and only 8,000-9,000 more can be added to the list annually. The plan now operates in about eighteen hundred counties which fairly well blanket the nation's farm communities. To date these loans are repaid 120 percent in advance; ultimately they will all be 99 percent repaid.

The cooperative farming found in resettlement projects and homesteads usually involves separate holdings for each family. But in four or five projects comprising not more than some four hundred families, the land is held and worked in common on the British Rochdale principle. Workers are paid wages; profits are distributed on a basis of work done. In a few instances the families have separate holdings but jointly hold and work still other land.

About a third of a million low-income farm families have so far doubled their home food production and increased their net incomes 80 percent as a result of standard rehabilitation loans. At the same time these families have added to food for freedom supplies, though they could have produced vastly more had the FSA been provided with funds to aid them. In addition the FSA has aided half a million farm families faced with destitution due to drought, floods or crop failure. These subsistence grants enabled the families to hold out.

About a hundred thousand farm families now secure complete medical care on a group plan worked out by the FSA medical department with local physicians. Around four hundred thousand families are sharing the costs of farm machinery, sires, marketing facilities and other community services, through FSA aid. But more than half a million known eligible families have still not been reached by FSA loans.

Unfortunately the FSA has received insufficient funds for the coming fiscal year to enable it to do what it should be doing in this emergency. Its work with migratory labor alone has signal importance during wartime. It also has an experienced staff ready to bring into commercial production from a million to a million and a half more underprivileged and impoverished farmers. So this year it must be curtailed.

The FSA seeks primarily to make self-supporting, self-reliant citizens out of such people. For they have become impoverished and have been denied opportunity due to social and economic factors they could not control by individual effort. Such work typifies the American way of life. So this year FSA must fire one-third of its staff.

It is time that we renounced the antiquated conception of government as a mere regulatory, policing and taxing agency. In modern technological society government is the nation's common instrument for the expansion of its social and economic welfare in those spheres wherein individuals and private enterprise cannot achieve equally effective results. The FSA is as thoroughly modern in technique as it is traditional in basic ideology.

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

A GOODLY PORTION of the most interesting reading matter which reaches this department comes from helpful, and in many cases unknown, readers of the column who send clippings and booklets, sometimes indeed whole volumes, in which they themselves have found sustenance for their thinking or stimulus for their hopes, and who wish to share such benefits with others. It is very good of them, eminently Christian, and I thank them all. Such behavior makes me think of an essay by Ernest Hello, that somewhat neglected or forgotten French writer of the early nineteenth century, in which he reminded his generation, much addicted to materialistic ways of life and thought, even in connection with religion, that perhaps some of his fellow French Catholics had too narrowly interpreted the meaning of the divine injunctions laid upon them to clothe the naked and give food and drink to the hungry and thirsty. My copy of the volume of Hello containing the essay in question long ago disappeared from my shelves—probably loaned to or taken by somebody quite willing to receive but not so anxious to return a good thing, indeed a common failing with most of us! So I cannot exactly quote the passage running through my mind, but its sense, as I remember it, was to the effect that even as there was a hunger of the body, and physical thirst, so too there was a hunger of the mind, a thirst for enlightenment and knowledge and wisdom, and that to minister to such needs was as truly an act of charity as that of supplying material food to aid those physically starving or undernourished. My own benefactors in the matter of reading seem to be actuated by the same principle as that explained by Hello, whether they have ever read him or not. Again I thank them.

In especial, I thank whoever sent me the first part of a long and valuable essay on "The Christian Basis for a New World Order," written by Monsignor Donald A. MacLean, and published in the April, 1942, number of The American Journal of Economics and Sociology. The same issue contained an article by Thomas F. Woodlock, and a number of other contributions by writers of eminence in schools of thought not directly dependent, as Monsignor MacLean and Mr. Woodlock are, on the teachings of the Catholic Church. Many of the universities and colleges of the whole country are represented by faculty members serving on the board of editors of this quarterly, and on the advisory board, the Catholic University being connected through Monsignor MacLean. I also observe the name of that highly practical pioneer among sociologists, Monsignor Ligutti.

In the editorial foreword to Monsignor MacLean's study, written by Will Lissner, the chief editor of the quarterly, the same welcome note is struck which was the key-note of the recent conference of scientists, philosophers and theologians at Columbia University—namely, the urgency for the need of collaboration among students of the various high disciplines of the human mind in this age of humanity's great crisis. Mr. Lissner quotes from Professor Heimann, himself a "student of economic and political science for more than thirty years," who recently pointed out that "scientific conscience demands that we be aware, first of all, of the inherent limitation upon our scientific methods and achievements," chief of which is that "science cannot even attempt to broach the always fundamental question of human life, that of good and evil." Noting that "the truth is that man is a spiritual being, that is, one conscious of good and evil and responsible for his choice between them in every special situation of life," Professor Heimann holds, aptly, "that democracy cannot live without democratic virtues" and that "democracy, even if equipped with the most admirable institutions, must deliberately cultivate the moral forces and sternly fight the dangers and temptations in man."

There is no space, this week, for further discussion of Monsignor MacLean's study of the fundamental contribution which the Church can make to the synthesis of high modern thought on mankind's central secular problems, other than to say that so far as the first installment extends it appears to be one of the most lucid and forceful digests of Papal teachings that I have had the good fortune to encounter. But, best of all, or so it seems to me, is the fact that it appears not in a medium likely only to be read by already convinced Catholics, but that it enters into the general arena of intellectual discussion and study, the alembic of the common mind of mankind, by way of this scholarly quarterly, and thus suggests the consoling thought that the much-needed process of cooperation on the part of Catholics and non-Catholics in vitally influential quarters is already actively at work.

Communications

INTERNATIONAL STUDENT SERVICE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I have received a copy of THE COMMONWEAL of September 18, with your extremely generous and fair-minded comment on the position of the International Student Service.

May I say that as chairman of the organization I am necessarily aware of every policy, every movement of thought, within the organization? There is not a trace of anti-democratic sentiment, either communist or nazi. We exist to assist real students to carry through their course of training, and to develop in them a sense of responsibility for the defense of the democratic and civilized way of life for which all good Americans and other lovers of freedom have worked through all their lives.

This morning's *Times* carries a statement of the Inter-American Seminar on Social Studies, called together by the Catholic Welfare Conference. I find no word in the statement of policy that I would not most heartily endorse; and I believe that the statement would carry the same enthusiastic approval of the International Student Service organization.

There may be reasons, unknown to me, why Catholic students should be served by an independent organization,

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paralleling the work of the International Student Service. When such an organization is created, we shall hope to cooperate with it in every way to advance the common interests of all students in an honest, humane and civilized world. ALVIN JOHNSON.

MANIFESTO—NEW LEADER

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editors: It is true that the Catholic Church has canonized Francis of Assisi (THE COMMONWEAL, September 4). However, the question still remains, to what extent does the Catholic Church follow, in practical fact, the example of Saint Francis of Assisi? And to what degree does the Catholic Church imitate the life and works of Charles Coughlin of Royal Oak, Michigan?

How much does the Catholic Church disapprove the modern Torquemadas such as Hitler, Stalin (who for the moment is on our side), Mussolini, Franco, Salazar and other minor but appalling despots?

The answer to this question is not an easy, categorical "yes" and "no." But in the cases of Mussolini, Dollfuss, Franco and Salazar, the Catholic Church has been, for all practical purposes, the ally of fascist despotism.

While there are, as in all human actions, what the law terms "extenuating circumstances," the Catholic Church's alliance with fascism is deplorable and suspect. A suspicion that a democrat cannot lightly forget simply because many Catholics, as individuals, disapprove the fascist alliances made by the Catholic Church as an organization.

THEODORE SERRI.

ENGLAND'S ACRES AT WAR

Crickhowell, South Wales.

TO the Editors: Since writing the article on English agriculture in war-time that you printed recently (August 7), it has been stated in the House of Commons that we now produce two-thirds of our required food supply under rationing (the proportion was less than two-fifths before the war). DONALD ATTWATER.

ANTON BRUCKNER'S CATHOLICISM

Jacksonville, Fla.

TO the Editors: I was greatly gratified at reading the article by Max Graf on "Anton Bruckner's Catholicism" (September 11). Here is one of the rare occasions in which full light is thrown on the religious inspiration of Bruckner's music. I should have nothing to add were it not for a last sentence in which Graf says, "His pathos and splendor came in large part from the Catholic Church, which during the Counter-Reformation had developed the style which inspired him."

In my opinion, there exists in music no "Counter-Reformation" style. Palestrinian style had come into existence previous to Pope Marcello's request, and it was Palestrina who reformed Church music, not the "Counter-Reformation" which reformed Palestrina. Unfortunately Palestrinians did not endure long; theatricality and theatrical baroquism rushed into Church music overwhelming the classic music of Monteverdi, Peri, Caccini and other pioneers of the musical theater. It is evident that such pioneers had nothing to do with any Counter-Reformation style and belonged to the late Renaissance.

The scenic qualities and wondrousness of courts and theaters, recently erected, gave rise to baroque music, to swelling melody, to the display of trills and grace-notes, and all this entered in full into Church music, completing the internal and external architectural stage scenery and the subsidiary stage scenery of the great feast days. Thus there came into being Masses, Vespers, *Tantum Ergos* and *Te Deums* modeled after the fashion of operas and cantatas, with solos, duets, trios and finales, and these persisted up to the recent reform.

But Bruckner's music has nothing to do with the Palestrinians—except for its use of choirs, in which it is closer to César Franck and to Vincent d'Indy—nor with the theater and Church baroquists of the seventeenth century and later.

I think that Bruckner's music derives from Beethoven and Brahms, though he had formed his musical personality on Bach and the classics—whether Catholic or not. But all this is of secondary importance; his music is his own, not to be confused with other music, not prompted by other composers, and it is profound music.

Artistic criticism of the last century has suffered from the influence of positivism which attempted to bind the creation of works of genius to conditioning historical and social factors—with their stylistic derivations—as well as to the political and religious vicissitudes of the times. This, however, is an esthetic pseudo-criticism which has harassed many people with such insoluble riddles as that of a social or socialist art, a collectivist art, and now a bolshevik, fascist or nazi art — all non-existing things. Graf is right in criticizing the distinction between religious and profane music as two distinct musics; but the same holds true in every art.

Thus also in the matter of style: to catalogue them according to epochs or names is a practical method—neither scientific nor esthetic—helpful to the memory, good for wholesale classification and even for commercial purposes; in the same way speaking of furniture, we call it Louis XIV and Louis XV or Empire, instead of rococo, baroque and French neo-classic style.

For a century the most renowned critics and art historians had cursed the Counter-Reformation which had created the baroque style (also called "Jesuit" when applied to architecture) and had brought about the artistic decadence in Italy and elsewhere. But in the last two decades Catholics—and amazingly enough, the very ones who were most reactionary—have been extolling the art of the Counter-Reformation and the beauties of both good and bad Baroque, forgetting that it is not the style that creates the work of art, but the work of art that creates the style. Max Graf, perhaps unconsciously, conveys the echo of such controversies of positivistic character. For positivism has clearly poisoned not only the regions of secular thought and art, it has penetrated also into those of Catholic thought and art. No wonder—we are still surrounded by the same atmosphere. LUIGI STURZO.

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TWENTIETH CENTURY MIRACLE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: That was a very interesting article, "Twentieth Century Miracle," by Granger Ryan, in the August 28 COMMONWEAL. And it starts off a new thought: Why not a revival of medieval plays in present-day dress—speech, costume and convention? I am thinking particularly of the English religious plays. Not the Moralities, for they came in with the Puritan times. Oh, yes, I know about "Everyman," but vices and virtues generally make dull acting material.

But the Mysteries and the Miracle plays—why not bring them up-to-date? What greater drama than the mysteries of our religion? What finer poetry than a miracle?

Perhaps some believing playwright will give us a modern mystery or miracle play. ETHEL KING.

The Stage & Screen

The Morning Star

EMLYN WILLIAMS'S "The Morning Star" is "The Wookey" at a better address. The widowed Mrs. Parrilow's background is cultured upper-middle-class. In the first act, the war is on but the blitz of London has not yet begun; what with her job in the censorship, Mrs. Parrilow is able to maintain her comfortable Chelsea home with no more inconvenience than a pair of paying guests. The junior Parrilow son is an RAF pilot; the senior is a brooding romantic who feels his brilliance slighted in the field of research surgery and has his eye on Hollywood, which cabled a fat offer after reading the meretricious novel he tossed off between extra-marital visits to an upper-bracket trollop. By a coincidence, one of the paying guests is the professor who first recognized Cliff's medical genius.

Comes the Blitz . . .

Emlyn Williams experienced directly the messy, senseless horror of the London blitz. And the success of "The Morning Star" in that city is tribute that he has managed to convey the true color of those months of horror and anonymous courage. Unfortunately, however, he has chosen to communicate as well a hackneyed, theatrical plot which reduces the blitz from a tragic and heroic human experience into sound effects and local color.

Outside its flashes of effective topical realism, the best stretches of "The Morning Star" are comedy. Brenda Forbes, who stole the acting honors in "Yesterday's Magic," is again a character charwoman; when housekeeping is confined to the living room, she takes care to store her hat in the safest available receptacle, the icebox. Delectable Wendy Barrie plays the flutter-brained, mink-coated strumpet with comic brilliance. The stage comes alive whenever she appears. But also the plot flies out the window. This is a character not from a realistic problem play but from an artificial drawing-room farce, as is likewise her principal escort and patron, Sir Leo

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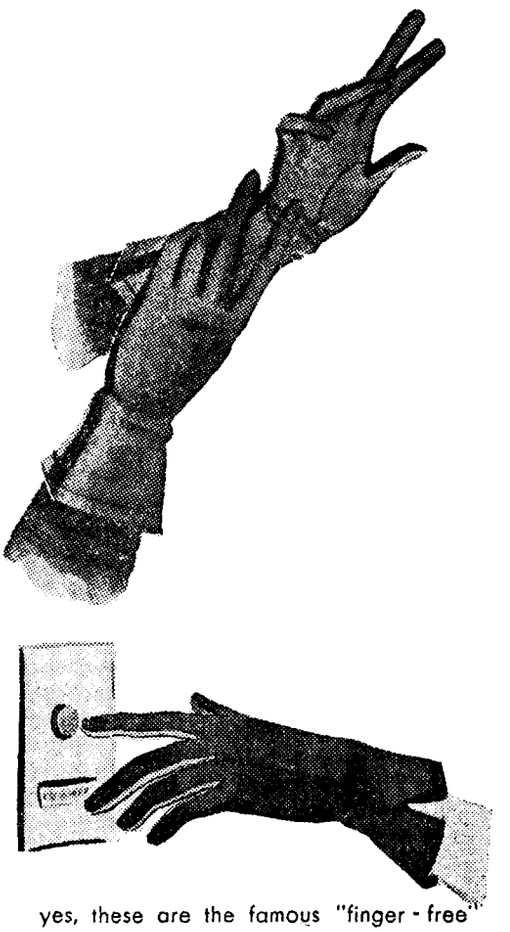

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Alvers, a stock titled British booby interpreted by Nicholas Joy with his characteristic ham unction. Wendy and Nicholas wander on and off the set as if it were the Savoy grill rather than the bedroom of the mother and wife of Wendy's intermittent paramour. Mr. Williams has confused not two but half a dozen techniques, ranging from photographic naturalism to broadest farce.

The production is top grade. Stewart Chaney's set is up to his usual high standard, and so is Guthrie McClintic's direction and casting. Gladys Cooper as Mrs. Parrilow, Cecil Humphreys as Dr. Datcher, Rhys Williams as the latter's Welsh manservant, Jill Esmond as Mrs. and Gregory Peck as Mr. Cliff Parrilow—all these, in addition to those enumerated above, make the utmost of their material.

As well as playwright, Emlyn Williams is a talented and industrious stage and movie actor. Perhaps this helps explain the recent trend of his playwriting. First "Yesterday's Magic" and now "The Morning Star" suggest that their author is spending too much of his time in greasepaint. *(At the Morosco.)*

New Priorities of 1942

CLIFFORD FISCHER, who struck pay dirt last season with his revival of two-a-day vaudeville, confidently names his current potpourri "New Priorities of 1943." Lest you think the 1943 a misprint for 1913, he includes a chorus of WAACs, as well as a shapely young lady clad exclusively in corsages of war-saving stamps which are one after another auctioned off to the audience. Otherwise, any resemblance to other vaudeville shows, living or dead, is strictly intentional.

Harry Richman and Henny Youngman share the master-of-ceremony duties assigned in the earlier edition to Lou Holtz. Harry, it appears, still patronizes the same tailor, and still remembers the lyrics of his old "Scandals" songs, which he sings with the same lisp and the same schmaltz gestures. Henny Youngman delivers good and bad jokes with disarming impartiality; to me, his personality is more congenial than Mr. Holtz's, and I recommend especially his impersonations of a left-handed Indian and a typewriter. His longer sessions before the microphone, while not remarkable for originality, are well constructed and well paced—a welcome relief from the usual static succession of gags as exemplified by Johnny Burke's World War I doughboy act. Bert Wheeler is another congenial comic whom I had almost forgotten. He wears the same top hat, but his appetite appears to have increased over the years, so that he munches a sandwich in place of an apple, while he leans across the footlights to slander his fellow artists and employer. Earlier, he has to contend with a stooge—Hank Ladd—who steals all his laughs.

It would be unreasonable to expect dancing to match Paul Draper's in the first "Priorities." A team billed as Harrison and Fisher do an Amphitryon ballet that contains flashes of comic imagination, but doesn't quite come off. A recruit from burlesque called Sally Keith demonstrates outrageously spectacular control over certain special portions of her anatomy. Carol Bruce, who achieved a minor sensation in "Louisiana Purchase," sings competently a few new and a few old songs and evidences the hazards of a Hollywood contract; her brunette hair is now platinum and her general appearance and deportment strictly Brown Derby. *(At the Forty-Sixth Street.)*

DAVID BURNHAM.

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'ROCHESTER'

"TALES OF MANHATTAN"

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

ON THE GREAT STAGE

"WORDS AND MUSIC"—A cavalcade of Irving Berlin melodies, produced by Leonidoff, with Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Glee Club, Symphony Orchestra, direction of Erno Rapee.

First Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

Lots of Art, No Prudence

"*THE MOON AND SIXPENCE*" is a strange picture—perhaps as strange as W. Somerset Maugham's novel; and it is unusually faithful to the original novel, at least in spirit. It neither condemns nor defends Charles Strickland as it reveals the extraordinary story of the man who, at the age of 40 after many years of life as a prosaic London stockbroker, suddenly deserts his wife and children to go to Paris to become a painter. With this inexplicable change of interests and occupation came an equally sudden and inexplicable change of character. Strickland became a self-centered recluse with an obsession for painting. After a period of starvation and after cruelly and ungratefully hurting the only person who really befriended Strickland in Paris, this artist who sought neither fame nor fortune retired even farther into his ivory tower by going to Tahiti. Here he married (!) a native girl to find a new contentment and peace of mind as he painted pictures that were praised after his death as real works of art.

This most unusual story (which as soon as Maugham's book appeared was identified with the life of the artist Gauguin) has been given excellent cinema production by David L. Loew. Albert Lewin directed his own adaptation of the Maugham novel with touches that are brilliant for their restraint and human warmth. Lewin's cast turns in performances that are noteworthy throughout the entire film. George Sanders plays Strickland as the personification of the inhuman, egocentric iconoclast whose madness for painting inspired him to paint masterpieces.

Although Strickland is the central figure, we do not see more of him than we do of the other characters who were affected by his will and drive. The acting cannot be separated from the story's telling. Herbert Marshall

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gives one of the best performances of his career as the novelist who relates the absorbing tale. Some of the story is told to Marshall by Eric Blore, Albert Basserman and, with persuasion, by Florence Bates as a fat Tahitian who licks her chops over her matchmaking proclivities.

Perhaps the most moving scenes are those in which Steve Geray portrays the mediocre Dutch artist who recognizes genius in Strickland, tends him during serious illness and then watches Strickland take on his wife as a mistress. The cast is further enhanced by Molly Lamont as Mrs. Strickland, Doris Dudley as the wife of the Dutch artist, and Elena Vedugo as the native girl.

The greatest flaw in Mr. Loew's particularly fine production is in showing us some third-rate art in technicolor near the film's end and telling us that this is the work of a great artist. Why, if we must be shown the products of this film's supposed genius, couldn't we be shown something approaching competence? One may wonder in watching this well-acted cinema if a character like Strickland is worth all this investigation. What does it add up to? That is something each cinemagoer will have to decide for himself. In any case, studies of such abnormal people as Citizen Kane and Charles Strickland are worthy of consideration by adults for their achievement and the influence these men, though unworthy in themselves, have on other members of their society. "The Moon and Sixpence" is an interesting, adult and serious search into a human being—whether or not the film gives the answers.

Don't be misled by the title of *"A Yank at Eton"* into thinking that the picture is about a young chap we sent over as a good-will ambassador to the English school. In this case Mickey Rooney plays a brash American high-school football hero whose heart is set on Notre Dame and whose heart is upset when his mother marries an Englishman and he is made to go to the famous prep school. Mickey is determined to hate Eton and his English classmates; and he does all he can to upset the traditions. But of course he discovers that one Yank, no matter how obnoxious and vulgarly American, can hardly make a dent in customs built up during the past 500 years.

However, even with a flimsy script, that frequently degenerates into silly slapstick, Rooney manages to show that he is still a good actor; and he is ably supported by attractive Marta Linden as his mother, Ian Hunter as his step-father who through sentimentality gets under the thick skin of our perverse hero, Edmund Gwenn as his headmaster, and Freddie Bartholomew who tries to do right by his step-brother.

Norman Taurog, who directed, has done better with more sincere stories. Our English cousins are more likely to be angered than pleased by this half-hearted effort at amity. The whole is strangely out of keeping with the times. In fact the only nod to the present is a quotation from a letter from Jefferson to Monroe: "With Great Britain on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship, and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more, side by side in the same cause." Maybe we should have had just the quotation without the movie. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Invalid Lady of Bloomsbury

By DAVID BURNHAM

> May I conclude, as I began, by thanking your reviewer for his very courteous and interesting review, but may I tell him that though he did not, for reasons best known to himself, call me a highbrow, there is no name in the world that I prefer? I ask nothing better than that all reviewers, for ever, and everywhere, should call me a highbrow. I will do my best to oblige them. If they like to add Bloomsbury, W.C.1, that is the correct postal address, and my telephone number is in the Directory. But if your reviewer, or any other reviewer, dares hint that I live in South Kensington, I will sue him for libel. If any human being, man, woman, dog, cat or half-crushed worm dares call me "middlebrow" I will take my pen and stab him, dead.

VIRGINIA WOOLF never mailed the letter, addressed to the editor of the *New Statesman,* of which the above is the concluding paragraph; presumably she intended it for the private entertainment of the "Bloomsbury Group." But her husband has included it in a posthumous collection of her essays,[1] recognizing how explicitly, beneath its mock heroics, it sums up Virginia Woolf's central intellectual position.

Virginia Woolf had ample cause for wonderment when a reviewer of one of her books failed to attach the label "highbrow." David Daiches in his recent monograph prefers "intellectual snob";[2] and even her fellow-Bloomsburyite, E. M. Forster,[3] accepts his friend's snobbery. In justice to these excellent critics it must be said that each recognizes that her snobbery was without hypocrisy—an outgrowth not of arrogance but of intellectual integrity.

But what exactly *is* a snob? According to the dictionary "One who is servile to persons of wealth and position and supercilious to those whom he considers inferior socially or otherwise; one who judges by externals."

No one, surely, would charge Virginia Woolf with judging by externals. Nor with servility to persons of wealth and position. Isn't she, however, supercilious to those whom she considers intellectually inferior?

Superficially, yes. She has no patience, as the letter quoted above makes explicit, with the readymade responses and inferior sensibility of "middlebrows"—the "betwixt and betweens" the "middlebred intelligence who ambles and saunters now on this side of the hedge, now on that, in pursuit of no single object, neither art itself or life itself, but both mixed indistinguishably, and rather nastily, with money, fame, power or prestige." Virginia Woolf addresses herself frankly to persons of her own intellectual, or perhaps a more accurate adjective is sensible, level.

Does this constitute snobbery? Which is the true snob—the "highbrow" author who assumes his reader his equal, or the "middlebrow" author who writes down to his low-

[1] The Death of the Moth. Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace. $3.00.

[2] Virginia Woolf. David Daiches. New Directions. $1.50.

[3] Virginia Woolf. E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace. $1.00.

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brow reader, with the implication that the latter cannot be expected to match his own superior intelligence and sensitivity? Such has increasingly become the accepted literary practice. The excuse is universality, a wider public than the highbrow can reach. Yet the disconcerting fact remains that since "Orlando," every one of Virginia Woolf's novels has been a best seller, despite the reviewers' label of esoteric. I must confess that this has surprised me. Partly it must be owing to the literary snobbism of "middlebrows," who flatter themselves by accepting Virginia Woolf's offer of equality. But the chief explanation must be some innate merits of the novels.

David Daiches believes that "It is doubtful whether the work of Virginia Woolf has permanently expanded the art of fiction." E. M. Forster warns us that "She had all the esthete's characteristics: selects and manipulates her impressions; is not a great creator of character; enforces patterns on her books; has no great cause at heart." And yet the popular success of her novels argues that she *did* somehow expand the art of fiction; she did discover and develop a valid and even popular substitute for the creation of memorable, rounded characters and the depiction of suspenseful temporal action which until her had been the definition of fiction. Virginia Woolf's novels aim to convey not "a series of gig lamps symmetrically arranged," but that "luminous halo" which is Life itself. In Mr. Forster's phrase, Virginia Woolf's writing "was not about something. It was something."

I have already discussed at some length in these columns Virginia Woolf's fictional method. In brief, she attempted a fusion of the traditional resources of the novel with those of lyric poetry. Her plastic use of language constitutes an extra-dimensional adjunct to the immediate narrative "sense" of the text: the "semi-transparent envelope" that at once contains and directly represents life.

Her essays, in the main, make the same plastic employment of language. Over and above the immediate logical sense of her statement is an auxiliary lyrical sense. Madame de Sévigné, Edward Gibbon, Samuel Coleridge are not alone described but recreated by the sheer texture of Virginia Woolf's prose. This, according to journalistic critical terminology, constitutes impressionism. But Virginia Woolf's impressionism is not the blind surrender to sensation which that term commonly connotes, but is backed by an active critical intelligence and considerable wit. For example, *à propos* Gibbon: "It is easy, in short, to suppose that Gibbon owed some part of his fame to the gratitude of journalists on whom he bestowed the gift of a style singularly open to imitation and well adapted to invest little ideas with large bodies." *À propos* George Moore: "For the novelist who has no dramatic power, no fire of conviction within, leans upon nature for support; she lifts him up and enhances his mood without destroying it."

Virginia Woolf, too, leans upon nature for support; her evocative descriptions of London and the Cornwall coast number among her most memorable passages. But always nature is subordinated to the human spectator. And her ideas, too, derive vitality from being presented never in didactic isolation, but always as the visible operation of the alert, mortal, curious human intelligence.

Was Virginia Woolf's gift a major one? Or a minor one? That's for our grandchildren's English teachers to decide. At this moment, when her tragic suicide is yet so close to us, her most valuable message in the face of the immeasurably greater tragedies that inundate us appears to me the same message for which she has been chiefly impeached: the authority of the trained, rigorous, uncompromising, unashamed intellect operating, not to the exclusion of, but in closest and inseparable harmony with the keenest human sensibility. The enemy of our civilization is not the highbrow but the highbrow's jealous enemy, the middlebrow—compromiser, appeaser, opportunist.

Books of the Week

Two Fine War Books

They Were Expendable. W. L. White. Harcourt. $2.00.
The Raft. Robert Trumbull. Henry Holt. $2.50.

"I HAVE SEEN," tells Mr. White, who has been wandering in and out of wars as a foreign correspondent since 1939, "the sad young men come out of battle, come with the whistle of flying steel and the rumble of falling walls still in their ears, come out of the fat, well-fed cities behind the lines, where the complacent citizens always choose from the newstands those papers whose headlines proclaim every skirmish as a magnificent victory."

It is useful to fight this dangerous smugness of the hinterland with the grim language of the soldiers who did the job. From this point of view "They Were Expendable" is an excellent book. It gives the story of Motor Boat Squadron 3—with the whole tragic background of the Philippine Campaign—as told by four survivors: Commander Bulkeley, his second officer, Kelly—an excellent raconteur—and ensigns Akers and Cox. They speak in plain language, without any fear to hurt by unpleasant truth. How precious is this freedom of speech which allows these men to make their frank, uncensored statements, which accuse us of unpreparedness and incapacity and which incriminate persons higher in military rank than themselves.

With its sober realism this book gives a fine picture of the qualities of America's young generation under stress and pressure—an attitude very different from the high-toned pep-talk of some of our radio commentators. These young men on the battle-front have the courage to face the truth, even if it is hard and grim. Listen how Lieutenant Kelly felt, when his own brave accomplishments were changed into a Chiffon-Victory-Pie by some trivial wits: "That night the news commentators in the States had us all winning the war, their buoyant voices talking of victory. It made me very sore. We were out there where we could see these victories. There were plenty of them. They were all Japanese. I didn't know it would be worse when I got back in the States. Here the enemies have been marching steadily on in every hemisphere, taking more territory and more islands and yet if even at one point we are able to check or repulse an attack, the silly headlines chatter of a victory."

The four young officers who tell their heroic stories have no illusions. They know that they face a superior enemy and suffer because of American unpreparedness.

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Nevertheless they do their duty with solemn earnestness and self-denial. They know they are "expendable," like any other matériel, in order to gain a little time for an evacuation or other military operation. They don't mind, they know their jobs must be done. This is the unsentimental, matter-of-fact-heroism of the twentieth century.

Nevertheless every one of these four men is a personality, not an interchangable part of a machine. Individual qualities remain a factor in modern warfare and will always do so as long as wars exist. You realize this in reading "The Raft," the story of the three Navy fliers who struggled for 34 days in the Pacific on a rubber raft. It needed precisely the individual qualities of these three men to save their lives.

These three men in a raft were not a picked team; they scarcely knew each other, when fate bound them on a vehicle, eight feet by four feet overall. But Petty Officer Harold F. Dixon was at once the boss of the two younger men, who knew nothing of navigation. They were useful in another way. They were both religious, and Boss Dixon, though skeptical about churches, let them say their daily prayers, "because it worked sometimes and later because it gave us something regular to do." As a matter of fact it procured the three men the moral strength to endure their difficulties.

Also this story—though more "dramatized" by its editor than the other book—is told in an honest and sober way, without any pep-talk, but sprinkled with a dry, matter-of-fact humor. MAX FISCHER.

BIOGRAPHY

Red Hills and Cotton. Ben Robinson. Knopf. $2.50.

MR. ROBERTSON writes with almost Old Testament eloquence of his own people, a race of Northern Puritans in a lush Southern setting (eliminate the house from the jacket picture and you might suppose this setting to be Japanese, but this is a mistake) and who belong in their economic relationship to the agricultural class dear to the heart of Jefferson. Up to the time of the Civil War and for a considerable period thereafter, this class accepted the political leadership of the planters, with whom its relations remained good, despite the wide divergence in their way of life. Later on, with the emergence of the "populist" element in Southern democracy, the troubles of the war and the reconstruction era at an end, they reverted to their natural political tradition, from which in their social relations they had never diverged. The author suggests that the softening influence of their Southern environment had the effect of setting up in them a resistant impulse that led them to exaggerate the traits of their Northern inheritance. Yet a certain tolerance of the neighboring folk-ways—especially marked when the neighbors were of their own kin, and extending in some instances to serious infractions of the law—betrayed the influence of their more genial surroundings. They could shoot at times—and when you do shoot it is better to do it quickly. They sometimes found it convenient to overlook the manufacture of "corn," even when it occurred on their own premises. And they could —at rare instances, to be sure—take advantage of corrupt political conditions, to secure an office for a friend. But all this scarcely infringed upon the general righteousness of their lives, nor impaired perceptibly the high-mindedness of the best of them. In one thing they lost all contact with the North, as they conceived it. They could never bring themselves to believe that the commercial

"This Publishing Business"

THE DEVIL AND CHRISTOPHER DAWSON * * * In all wars—the present war for example—the devil has a foot in both camps. One side may be his, but he has his servants in the other too: so that even if his chosen side loses, his own defeat is not total: he still has something to work on in the victor's camp to spoil their victory. Now this can be very confusing: there are times when we smell the devil so strongly in our own camp, that we cannot smell him at all in the other: just as a dead mouse in our own cellar smells worse—to us—than a dead whale in the South Pacific, which is the most obscene of all smells. The truth is that the nose is a poor counsellor: it lacks horizon: the mind that takes it for a guide sees nothing in balance. . . . For a mind thus off balance Christopher Dawson is the best physician. His mind's horizon is almost preternaturally wide: and upon this war he has written an almost preternaturally balanced book, *The Judgment of the Nations* ($2.50). Those who are most acutely aware of the evil in our camp will find that Dawson is more aware still. No prophet of Israel could see more piercingly what has gone wrong with us, what devil we have served, and how it came to be so. The plain truth is that we have served Mammon, the devil of material success. How shall we cast out Mammon? by Moloch, says Hitler. But Moloch, the iron-throated, the devourer of children, is a seven-times-worse devil than Mammon. This upon a mere comparison of evil: and at least we are aware of Mammon's presence among us and ashamed: whereas they make a glory of Moloch. We are not fighting for Mammon—though he will try to make our victory his: they are fighting for Moloch. "To the devils of homicidal lusts our era offers an incredible banquet," says Dawson. . . . "If Mammon is to be dethroned in order that Moloch be set in his place, the new order will be more inhuman and anti-Christian than the old." . . . Yet if Moloch is to be defeated only that Mammon shall continue to reign, ours will be a poor victory. Who shall cast out Moloch and Mammon both? The Spirit of God, says Dawson, working in and through the spirit of man. . . . But with all this emphasis upon the spirit, Dawson discusses the machinery of society with great profundity. Man is already over-mechanized and social machinery will not save him *unless* his spirit is set free. But man is a social being and the social order is of enormous importance. As we might expect, Dawson's awareness of spiritual reality makes him not less but more realistic and down-to-earth in the discussion of the organization of society. Reading him you see how very soft-boiled the materialist is. You must turn to the book itself to find out his suggestion for Europe's problem and the working out of his plan for world-organization—"not a League of Nations but a league of federations"—each federation to be "based on community of culture and organized as a society of nations or states with autonomous rights." Think that out! F. J. S.

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civilization of the day could ever supersede their own primitive economy, embodying, as to their minds it did, besides faith in their own exertions, the certitude of a spiritual goal. Mr. Robertson, their worthy descendant, sees in the situation of the world today the possible beginning of a vindication for this faith of theirs.

Notable as the portrait of a people, or a small segment of one, and abounding in quotable anecdote, Mr. Robertson has found for his theme an appropriate expression. He says of his people: "Our home is in our valley, but we have walked across a continent with angels holding our hands." "We have been taught to ask about everything: will it leave us free?" "Our Up-Country idea is an idea within a beaten idea, and has been a conquered idea for more than eighty years, but we have not let it slip from us. My kinsfolk thought more about character than about culture. They said culture could be acquired, but character had to be formed."

His Grandfather Brown and Great Aunt Narcissa were the mentors of an enormous family connection and move like patriarchs of old through these memories of a Carolina childhood and early manhood.

J. K. PAULDING.

Get Thee Behind Me. My Life as a Preacher's Son. Hartzell Spence. Whittlesey House. $2.75.

THERE is a fascination about a closed door that whets the imagination. A Methodist must wonder what goes on in a Catholic rectory; a Catholic knows little of life in a Methodist parsonage. Barbara Fleury opened the rectory door in "Faith the Root"; Hartzell Spence has opened the parsonage door and invited us in to his life with his father. We follow him from infancy to maturity, and from place to place. He outgrows, in turn, the Boy Scouts, the Two Gun Clubs, and the Stumblers, each after amusing and prankish experiences, only to find himself involved in an ice cream date with three girls at once, and presently at his first job in a candy factory as an "orphan." We peep through the fingers of his clasped hands as he estimates the piety of his sister's suitor. We enjoy the Christian generosities of grateful church members, and his sister's secret dancing party. We regret that he must live down the odium of being a Methodist preacher's son.

The preacher's respect for his position and for public opinion is of the essence of the life he chose for himself, but it imposes involuntary restraint upon his children, who hardly share his horror of dancing, drinking, or bridge. (Parenthetically, can a church concern itself more with goodness than with God, more with ritual of living than with sacraments?)

The father seems to inspire his children with a kind of reverent affection, and transmits to them his respect for respectability, but hardly his intense faith, nor all his convictions. In his own vocation he has found a joy and satisfaction that he would like to hand on to his son; but we read a little wistfully, "here was a son who had decided upon his life work without even consulting him, him who was adviser to the whole town but not to his family"—"now when he wanted to talk to his son as man to man he was a preacher and a father, but not a 'dad' "—"I'd want to be to my boys all the things you've never been to us," the father hears from his oldest son, "things you're too dignified to be," and then Hartzell pleads for the younger son: "Make him feel his life is as important to you as Mrs. Littleton's lumbago."

A Catholic with a sense of humor will find arguments for a celibate clergy between the lines of "Get Thee Behind Me"; but anyone with a sense of humor will find it a very diverting and amusing book.

JOHANNA DONIAT.

FICTION

Sun in Capricorn. Hamilton Basso. Scribner. $2.50.

NOW, Gilgo Slade is a literary image of the late Huey P. Long. The name *Gilgo* is itself suggestive, and could just as well be directed to other persons of present prominence. *Capricorn* is connected with ambition, if you take your fortune telling seriously, and a place in the sun is something that a lot of people are after these days. So, you have it. A certain rather capable man who had his good points as well as his bad has been written about, but Mr. Basso has dealt sparingly with the deceased in the matter of good points. Studying these would have called for more characters and more delicate etching. However, the book is compact, the story simple, the characters direct and, as the English "majors" put it, nicely "delineated."

Politics and love in Louisiana, an incident of passion with political complications: a young man, Hazzard meets a young woman who likes him and he likes her. The young woman is unknown and living alone in the New Orleans French Quarter. The young man is tracked down in her company. Nothing in this, but the young man has prominent connections, enough to set Gilgo's character assassins at his throat.

It is the fate of most political idealists, of course, to be shot in the books and out of them; but Hazzard's uncle is not an aristocrat, though married to one, and for that reason, perhaps, is not shot in this book. Instead, his son is shot, and completely done up at that. In fact, this is the shooting written to match the assassination of Huey Long's assassin. The book "job" is done by one man, however.

Here is a short book and a likeable book if you know the Huey P. Long stories ahead of time. Otherwise, the way party policy is arrived at might seem prosaic, for America likes its shocking charges and counter charges. In addition, a lot of people have been reading—or hearing about—Thurman Arnold's "Folklore of Capitalism," and the participation of poets, novelists and school teachers in drinking bouts preceding election is almost commonplace.

The main thesis, therefore, might not be too clear to the uninformed; for the main thesis is the organization of mass political pressure to dislodge the remnants of Southern aristocrats from power. Since Reconstruction, poor whites and Negroes in Louisiana have been kept out of public offices and away from the troughs. The rise of Huey P. Long was another bid of the poor whites to apply mass pressure in the field of state politics. It is debatable, of course, whether Mr. Long was fully devoted to the welfare of the masses of poor whites, or just interested in the prosperity of a few men of his set.

Obviously, Mr. Basso is trying to arouse a sense of right and wrong in America, and his delicate limning might yet hit the spot. But there is too much in Huey P. Long and his fight to free the poor whites from their inferiority complexes to pass over quickly. Huey is dead, but the idea of little white men ruling Louisiana propped up by black bodies still holds good. Better bring on Pearl Buck and Father LaFarge; for Negroes are playing pretty sad music in Louisiana.

GEORGE STREATOR.

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RELIGION

Everyman's Theology. Leo von Rudloff, O.S.B. Bruce $2.00.

HERE IS a book that reaches deeply into the wealth of Catholic dogma. Written especially for the layman, it covers the entire range of theology, albeit very succinctly. It shows how logically related each part is and how perfectly each doctrine fits into one pattern. The author is not content to explain the formal terms of that dogma; he shows how essential it is to Catholic thinking and living. For example, the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, he writes, "is essential to grasp the meaning of our life of grace. The Trinity is also the exemplar of our social life, for in it we find the most perfect adjustment between self-assertion on the part of the individual and devotion to the common welfare."

Someone once said that the most convincing argument for Catholic doctrine is simply to manifest its essential beauty. Father Leo does this masterfully. His language is simple and easy to grasp.

The appendices contain a resumé of the principal doctrines with their degrees of theological certitude, a study outline and a very complete bibliography, making the book what it is designed to be—the layman's little manual of theology. The alphabetical index makes reference to it easy.

The Catholic layman generally knows what he must believe to be saved. But the meaning, significance, the profound beauty and poetry, the life and spirit of Catholic dogma is seldom understood or appreciated. Father Leo has done a masterful job in revealing just this. Catholic dogma, as here explained, is the only basis for a new Christian order. JOSEPH P. ASCHERL.

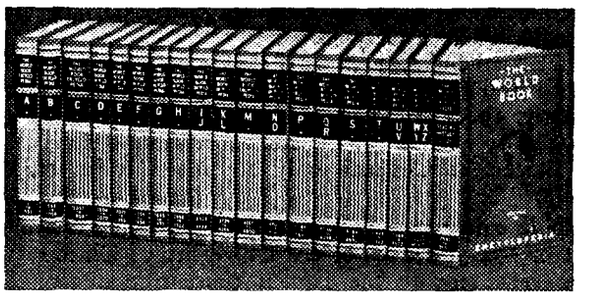
WAR

The Black Book of Poland. Putnam. $3.00.

IF TRUTH may ever be called "propaganda" by level-headed men, so proud of their "objectivity," "The Black Book of Poland" is pure propaganda. The story told is based exclusively on excerpts from the German press, German documents, on trustworthy and carefully checked evidence, and is illustrated with nearly 200 photographs. The editors state: "No attempt has been made to enlarge upon the facts." Indeed there is no need to enlarge upon them.

The German-Russian pact of September 28, 1939, "gave" Germany a territory of 72,866 square miles with a population of 22,250,000. This territory was divided into two parts: Western Poland was "incorporated" in the Reich, Central Poland formed the so-called "Government General," also ultimately "incorporated." The Black Book covers the period from October, 1939, to June, 1941. It leads us without comments through persecutions, murders, expulsions, pillages and economic exploitation. It is a voluminous, though necessarily incomplete, record of German lawlessness in Poland.

After 2,000 years of Christian civilization, slavery has been reintroduced by the Germans consciously and systematically. Greiser, the *Gauleiter* of Poznań, stated: "For the first time in German history we are politically exploiting our military victories. . . . Poles can work for us only as serfs." The Governor General, Frank, declared that Poland should become "an intellectual desert." Uebelhor, the German administrator of Lodz, exhorted his compatriots: "We are master, as master we must behave. Be hard. . . . Every Pole is a servant and every



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Pole must blindly and unhesitatingly carry out any order given to him by a German."

The Catholic Church in Poland has been persecuted with a zeal equaled only by that of the Bolsheviks. By January, 1941, over 700 priests have been murdered and 3,000 more were in prisons and concentration camps. In the diocese of Chelmno only 20 priests were left out of 650.

Polish culture and learning are systematically destroyed. Out of 174 professors of the University of Cracow, 167 have been sent to the famous concentration camps at Oranienburg, where 17 died in the first three months. Museums, churches and private collections have been looted; the pillage was directed by German scholars and professors of German universities.

Mass executions and hunts through the streets happen daily in Poland. Polish girls are sent to German brothels, in a large-scale white slavery program, scientifically conducted. The Polish Jews have been shut behind the walls of ghettos where their population decreases alarmingly. The German aim is no less than to exterminate the whole nation.

And yet the spirit of the people remains unbroken. They still listen to British broadcasts, they publish about forty secret periodicals circulated from hand to hand, they fight a stubborn underground fight against the oppressors. The reprisals are severe and death penalties so often imposed that in Warsaw they say: "We're more afraid of a twenty-zloty fine than of death penalty." Waiting for tomorrow the people of Poland endure the nazi terror unflinchingly. Despite the fact that the German persecutions in Poland were far more cruel than in any other country—not one Quisling was found among the Poles.

"The Black Book of Poland" is distressing reading. But an unexpected hope speaks from its pages. There is hope and promise of a future for a people who bear their misery so gallantly. MARTA WANKOWICZ.

Food, a Weapon for Victory. Bertram Fowler. Little. $1.50.

THIS PAMPHLET blown up into a book makes one excellent point. It is that if we are to rush into the breach in the world's famine areas immediately upon the cessation of hostilities, we have to make thorough preparations now. The food itself must be brought together and stored near ports of shipment. Personnel must be recruited and organized for effective distribution. The whole mechanism must be ready. Then we shall be able to use our feeding plans as a weapon for victory. An indisputable argument.

As the fourth winter of war approaches, another question still persists. And it is underlined by the publication of Mr. Fowler's book. Why not undertake a feeding program in the conquered countries of Europe right now? If the mere knowledge that food will be on the way as soon as there is an armistice can serve as a weapon for the United Nations, how much more would the institution of an actual relief program, say for mothers and children, bring home our objectives for the peoples to whom we look for unbroken resistance. It is not only a question of maintaining morale and keeping up the spirit of resistance to the Axis. The point has been reached in many countries where it means either our help or widespread death from starvation. Immediate post-war action must indeed be prepared right now, but food for the conquered countries this fall is equally essential and even more urgent. EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

BRIEFERS

Geopolitik. Johannes Matterns. Johns Hopkins. $1.50. Democratic Ideals and Reality. Halford J. Mackinder. Holt. $1.90.

HERE are two books which will give a working knowledge of geopolitics, at least for purposes of conversation. The first is historical, showing how the art developed from the political geographers of many lands. It provides in handy form accounts of some of the many conscious and unconscious forerunners of Hitler's Dr. Haushofer. The second is a new printing of a book published 23 years ago, but it gives a devastating, implicitly critical picture of the amoral, "ways and means" attitude of the geopolitician toward the riches of the earth. For those who want both the slant and the lingo, this is the book. Such concepts as the "World Island," the "Heartland" and the "Closed Sea" interpret man's history in a startlingly new and ruthless light.

Social Wellsprings, Volume II. Edited by Joseph Husslein, S.J. Bruce. $4.00.

A HEFTY VOLUME containing "Every important Encyclical of a social nature from the pen of Pius XI." A number of them are well known outside the Christian world, notably *Quadragesimo Anno* (a Christian social order), *Mit brennender Sorge* (the position of the Church in nazi Germany), *Ubi Arcano* (the peace of Christ). Each encyclical is prefaced by an undistinguished introduction and bibliography by the editor.

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The Inner Forum

Liturgical Week, 1942

SPONSORED by the Benedictine Liturgical Conference and under the patronage of Bishop Ritter of Indianapolis, the Liturgical Week 1942 opens at St. Meinrad's Abbey, St. Meinrad, Ind., on October 12. The theme of this year's "Week" is: "The Praise of God: Its significance and primary importance in Catholic life." The main sub-topics for discussion are: The Praise of Christ, Praise in the Living Parish, The Music of Divine Praise: The Gregorian Chant, Art in the Service of Praise, and Praise and the Present Crisis.

Priest delegates to the conference will be guests of St. Meinrad's Abbey. Sisters are to stay at the Benedictine Motherhouse in Ferdinand, Ind., to which transportation will be provided. Laymen are urged to stay in the small hotel in the village of St. Meinrad or in several private homes that accommodate guests. "It will be possible for visitors at the Liturgical Week to assist at the entire Office, performed by the monks of St. Meinrad's Abbey in choir, in addition to the special chanting of Vespers in which all will be invited to participate, just as we are inviting them to participate in the singing of the daily Conventual Mass and Monastic Compline."

Orate Fratres reports "The Liturgical Week for Seminarians held at Conception Abbey, Conception Mo., and that for Sisters of the diocese of Kansas City, Mo., laid firm foundations of liturgical thought for the coming National Liturgical Week at St. Meinrad's, and the response in both instances was gratifying. Seventy seminarians and about two hundred Sisters participated in the two schools respectively. At the abbey it was of course possible to have the students take part in the full liturgical life daily, including the recitation or chanting of the Day Hours. But it was a distinct achievement of the Kansas City meeting to have such a large group of Sisters, drawn from thirty-eight parishes and six institutions of the diocese and vicinity, recite in edifying unison daily Lauds in English and sing Compline every evening, besides joining in the Gregorian melodies of Holy Mass. The Most Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara, Bishop of Kansas City, expressed his joy at the results accomplished, and reminded the Sisters of their privilege and sacred duty as teachers to lead their pupils to an eager sharing in the sacramental life of the Church."

CONTRIBUTORS

Rev. Bonaventure SCHWINN, O.S.B., is subprior of St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kansas.

Frances Taylor PATTERSON teaches at Columbia University, New York, and is the author of several books, including "White Wampum."

T. Swann HARDING is with the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Max FISCHER is a German newspaper man who has lived in the US for the last ten years.

J. K. PAULDING is a resident of New York, and participates in civic affairs.

George STREATOR is at present connected with the OPM.

Joseph P. ASCHERL is connected with the St. Paul Guild.

Marta WANKOWICZ came to the US from Poland, and is now working for a professional magazine.

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